

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

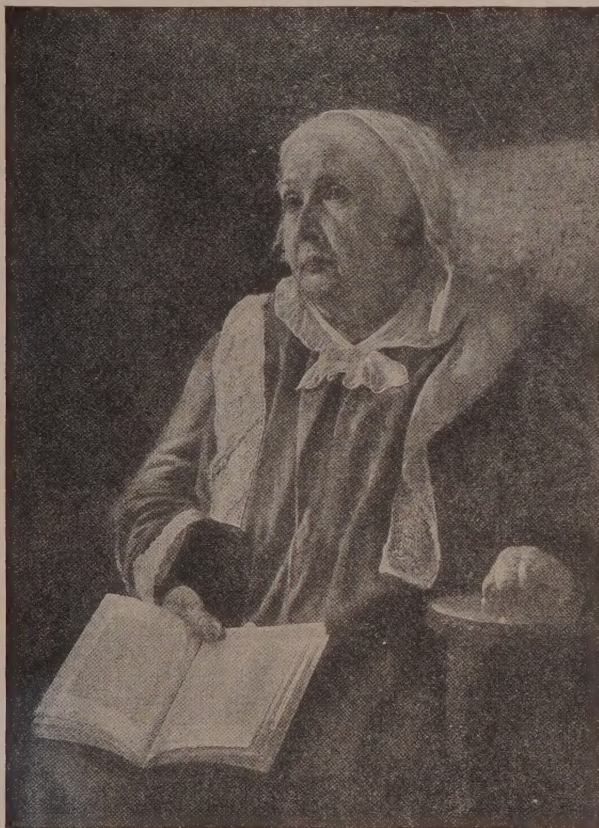
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MAY 25, 1919

JULIA WARD HOWE.

AN EMINENT UNITARIAN WOMAN, WELL KNOWN AS AUTHOR, POET, PREACHER, LECTURER, REFORMER, AND WRITER OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."



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MRS. HOWE.

From a painting by John Elliott, 1908.

The cuts used with this article are from the biography, JULIA WARD HOWE, by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

MRS. HOWE was born just one hundred years ago, May 27, 1819. She was active to the very end of her long life, and is well-remembered by very many people all over this land and, indeed, in many other lands.

Will the young readers of *The Beacon* recall on Tuesday next how well this great woman loved our Unitarian faith and what a fine example of its teachings were her own life and work? They may perhaps remember her best as the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which we have all sung so many times during the World War.

She wrote it during our Civil War and it was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862. She had visited the troops stationed near Washington, and heard them sing

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on."

Her minister, James Freeman Clarke of the Church of the Disciples (Unitarian) in Boston was with her. Turning to her, he said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good verses for that stirring tune?" "I have often wished to do so," was her reply.

Next morning she awoke in the early dawn, and the first line of the hymn, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," flashed into her mind. She rose and began to write, seeing in her mind's eye the camp she had visited and the long lines of soldiers, hearing as the verses came the tramp of marching feet. Soon the hymn was

(Continued on page 135.)

Memorial Day, 1919.

BY AGNES MILLER.

ON past Memorial Days
We strewed their graves with flowers
Who died for colors three
We thought were only ours:
Courage, love, truth,
Red, white, and blue;
Freedom and life
To each man due.

To-day, with meaning clear,
Those colors stand unfurled
By other hero souls,
Across the wakened world.
Poppies of France,
Siberia's snows,
Italy's skies,
Guard their repose!

What Bobby Did Last Summer.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

LAST summer, as you all remember, we were in the midst of the Great War; and in many, many windows there were little service flags with their brave blue stars.

Bobby Mason was especially proud of the one at his house, because there were two kinds of stars in it—a blue one for father, who was an officer in the A. E. F., and a red one for Uncle Dick, who was serving with the Allies. When it was first hung up, he stood out on the side-walk most of his spare time and stopped all the boys who went by and made them look at the flag. For Bobby's family's flag was the only one on the block that had two stars on it; and everybody didn't know what the red one meant.

But suddenly, one day, he came into the house with a very sober face.

"I'm the only man in our family that's not on that flag, mother," he said, "and I don't think it's right. Why can't I enlist too?"

"Why, Bobby," laughed mother, "you are only ten years old! You won't be old enough for years and years yet. And by the time you do get old enough to fight I hope and pray there won't be any more wars."

"I don't," said Bobby, stoutly; "I hope it lasts till then, so I can be a soldier like father and Uncle Dick. But anyway, even if I can't be a soldier, why couldn't I be a drummer boy?"

Mother laughed a little and then she shivered and held him tight.

"Because you're one of the Home Guard, precious," she said. "There has to be *somebody* left for mother!" And there were tears in mother's brave blue eyes. Mother did miss father and Uncle Dick terribly!

So Bobby said no more just then. But

he kept on thinking about that service flag, and when Grandfather Mason came down to spend Easter he spoke again about it. Grandfather was a man, and somehow Bobby felt that he might understand better.

"O Grandfather," he said, "do you think the war will end before I get to be a man?"

"Well, I certainly hope so, son!" answered grandfather, cheerfully. "Why yes, of course; we'll have father and Uncle Dick home again in no time, with this war business beaten to such a frazzle that there won't ever be another!"

"Then won't I ever have a chance to fight?" cried Bobby, mournfully. "Can't I ever be a patriot and be on a service flag?"

"Look here, Bobby." Grandfather's voice was very gentle. "Don't you go and get mixed up about that, son. The man that goes out to fight for his country is a patriot, of course,—a fine one; but the man that stays home can be just as fine a one, even if he doesn't get a star.

"I'd love to go over there and fight myself, but I can't, I'm too old and stiff; so I'm going to work hard and raise all the grain and vegetables and fruit that I can on my farm to help feed the boys that do go. My rheumatism can prevent my going to France, but it can't keep me out of my fields even if it does make things unpleasant. And it's the *service* that counts, Bobby, not the star on the flag. I'm working for my country, too."

Bobby nodded. "Yes, I see, for you," he answered soberly. "But that doesn't help me, grandfather. I haven't got any farm. I can't raise things in our little back yard for the soldiers and people here."

Grandfather smiled again. "That's true," he said. "But Bobby, if you really mean it, I can tell you how you can serve your country this summer. You know how it is out on my farm—so many berries and vegetables to pick and never enough people to pick them. And there's a boy I know who is willing to pick enough to eat for himself and perhaps a basket or so for grandmother, but then he gets tired and wants to go off fishing or tramping or playing croquet. Do you want to serve your country enough, Bobby, to promise to bone right down every morning, hot or cold, as long as the berry season lasts? Not just mornings that you feel like it, but every single morning that the other pickers do? You can have the afternoons."

"Would that serve my country?" faltered Bobby. He really did hate to pick berries all the morning long. And it was so different from wearing a uniform and marching off to fight!

"In the very best way a ten-year-old boy could," said grandfather. "And that will help in two ways. I'll pay you, of course, the same as I do the others, and if you stand by faithfully the pay shall be enough to buy a Liberty Bond."

Bobby's eyes shone. "A Liberty Bond?" he gasped. "Oh, could I do that? Then I will! I'll stand by, grandfather, all summer!"

That settled it. When Bobby made a promise he always kept it; and he did stand by, though many days that summer it was hard to go to work out in the berry patch and stay there up till noon picking berries under the broiling sun. Harder

still when the other boys who were camping in the woods invited him over to go fishing, or the girls next door appeared to play their usual game of croquet. Bobby loved croquet!

But it all seemed worth while to Bobby the day he marched off down town with grandfather to buy his own bond that he had earned. Better still, when the president of grandfather's bank came out and said he wanted to shake Bobby's hand. And best of all when he got home again and looked up at the service flag in the window. For there, hanging down from it like a pendant, was a big blue star cut out of pasteboard with a silver B in the middle.

"And that 'B,'" said mother, using slang for once, "stands not only for Berries and Bond, but most of all for Bobby—the Best Boy in the Bunch!"

And what Bobby did last summer you can do this; for there are still Bonds and War Savings Stamps to buy and a great, great many hungry people to feed. And always and always there is our dear country to serve and work for—in the very best way that we can! And if the work we find to do is hard, why there's all the more reason for us to be proud. You don't find any soldiers boasting, do you, that they were the farthest away from the battle front, and had the very easiest place in the whole line? I should say not! Well, you don't want to, either!

When father was a little boy

His grandma said, one day,

"Remember when you do a thing

To do it well, I pray;

Folks do not ask how long it took

(That's not the usual way),

But 'Who did that nice piece of work?'

Is what we hear them say."

MARTHA E. WISE.

Betty and Her Pets.

BY VIVA CLARK.

7. CHIPPY, THE SQUIRREL.

I SAID I would tell you about Betty's squirrel next, didn't I? Well, I can't tell you how she got him; I've forgotten. I know that Daddy brought him in one day,—oh, I remember now; a cat had him, and Daddy drove the cat away and carried the poor little frightened squirrel to Betty to cure. He wasn't badly hurt, one paw was bruised a little. Betty bandaged it up very nicely, and she tried to think where she could put him. Daddy said she mustn't put him in a wooden box because he would gnaw his way out with his sharp teeth. Finally she decided, until he could have a regular squirrel house, to put him in an old canary-cage. Besides, she wasn't sure she could keep him longer than to let his paw heal, for you know you can't keep any wild creature without permission. So she put him in this cage which was painted white, and set him under Buttercup. Buttercup didn't look at the newcomer at all, but Peter Pan was as curious as ever; he tipped his little gray head from side to side to look down, and ruffled his feathers to twice his size. He said "Hello" over and over, but that unsociable squirrel wouldn't answer. But he was rather sick and new, and probably felt strange.

The first thing when Betty woke up in the morning, she ran out in her nightgown to see how the squirrel felt—she had named him "Chippy." Poor Chippy was curled up in the bottom of the cage, with his eyes half closed and his nice brown fur all rough. Betty saw that his paw was nearly well, and she couldn't imagine what was the trouble until she noticed that the paint was all gnawed from the wires. Then she knew that the foolish squirrel had made himself ill eating paint. He hadn't been hungry, for Betty had gone to the attic especially to get him some lovely chestnuts to eat. So there was no reason why he should have been so silly, was there?

All day he was dumpy, but at night he brightened up, and Betty thought he would be all right. She never dreamed that he would be so foolish as to eat paint again! But he did, and the next time he didn't get well. And Daddy had just got a letter from the Fish and Game Commissioner saying that they could keep him. Betty was so disappointed that she began to cry; and Daddy told her if she wouldn't cry, he would get her a new pet. She was so excited she forgot to cry, and asked what it would be. But he only laughed and shook his head.

Every day Betty asked about the new pet, and one day Daddy said it would be there in the morning. The minute Betty woke—she slept out of doors in a lovely screened sleeping-porch—she sat up in bed to listen, for she thought she heard something call. Right out there in the grass was the dearest little lamb! It was near Betty's porch, with a wooden fence about it which could be moved so that it could have fresh grass every day. And now its head was over the fence, and it was calling as loudly as it could for Betty to get up.

She fairly flew into her clothes and ran out. The moment she petted the lamb, she named him "Woolly," his coat was so soft. Daddy said he was too young to know how to drink and she must teach him. He showed her how to take a pail of warm milk, put her hand in with one finger up for the lamb to suck. How she laughed when she saw that the lamb thought the milk came through her finger! But in a few days he could drink alone, and began to eat grass.

Woolly adored his little mistress, and every time he saw her he would bleat for her to come and pet him, and if she walked round the outside of the fence, he would follow her closely on the inside. When she wasn't in sight, he bleated so much that Peter Pan learned to bleat too, hanging on the piazza on the other side of the house. One day Betty was sick and had to stay in her sleeping-porch, and how she laughed to hear Woolly bleat and Peter Pan answer him every time! Of course Peter Pan barked and mewed and squealed and cooed, but this was something new for him.

When Woolly got larger, Betty let him follow her everywhere until the children called her "Mary." She would run, then stop still, but Woolly would manage to keep his little nose against her hand most of the time. This got to be a game, and it made Rick, the collie, terribly jealous. He would bark and jump up on her, until Betty had to shut him in the stable when she and Woolly went walking. And then the way he howled made every one laugh.

The next time I'll tell you about some very queer pets,—oh, some that you never could guess about in your life. Try and see if you can.

JULIA WARD HOWE (Continued).

finished, and the singing troops of soldiers, the communities, the churches, and the children of America have made it their own.

On one occasion her daughter, Maud Howe Elliott, asked her mother, "What is the ideal aim of life?" After thinking a moment she answered slowly in just eight words: "To learn, to teach, to serve, to enjoy."

HER CHILDREN RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED.
GIVE HER OF THE FRUIT OF HER HANDS;
AND LET HER WORKS PRAISE HER IN THE GATES.



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FOUR GENERATIONS.

MRS. HOWE, MRS. RICHARDS, MRS. SHAW, HENRY SHAW.

A Change of Name.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

MAY LOUISE EDWARDS gave her small shoulders a most decided twitch. "I don't see," she complained, "what's the use of having to do just so. I wish for once I could do whatever I liked, and as I liked. If I want to sit sideways, it's always 'May Louise, sit straight,' an' if I want to read it's 'May Louise, comb your hair' or 'Change your dress,' an' if I want to rest it's 'May Louise, run to the store.' I hate just to hear 'May Louise.' I don't see why I couldn't have a nice name, like Isabelle."

Her mother glanced across her cup of coffee into the rebellious face. "This is Saturday," she remarked quietly, "and tomorrow is Sunday. If you want to be Isabelle for two days I have no objection. You can do whatever you like, and as you like, provided it's not too unreasonable. I'll try and not say 'May Louise' once." Lifting her cup, she took a slow sip of coffee. "I'm rather tired of May Louise, also," she said. "These last few weeks she hasn't been my sunny little daughter at all. Perhaps the change will do us both good."

May Louise humped over the table, looking defiantly up out of bright eyes. She quite waited for the familiar, "Sit straight, my dear."

But Mrs. Edwards calmly reached for a slice of toast.

May Louise began to be interested. She meant it then—really meant it.

Pushing back her chair she flew to her room and dived rapturously into her top bureau drawer. Taking out her purse she opened it and glanced gloatingly inside. There were ten bright new pennies.

She slipped it into her pocket and ran down the stairs, out into the yard, catching up a story book as she passed through the hall.

No errands! No calls! For a time, it was very wonderful. Then, quite suddenly, she yawned. She wondered what her mother was about. Her story seemed dull.

Closing her book, she went into the house.

"It's a lovely day, Isabelle," politely observed her mother.

May Louise stood first on one foot and then on the other. "Yes'm," she agreed.

Mrs. Edwards was shelling peas. Of everything, May Louise liked peas the best. She began to smile. She wouldn't mind at all, she told herself, if her mother did ask her to shell them.

"Going to have greens, too?" she asked, glancing at the great stock of dandelions. Dandelions were almost equal to peas!

Her mother nodded. "And apple dumpling," she added.

May Louise clapped her hands. "Goody! oh, goody!" she shouted. Then, with a hop and skip, she flew to the door and down the steps. "I'm going to tell Helen!" she gasped. "Ma always sends her a plate of dumpling, she loves it so."

Helen Ames sat on the narrow piazza

of the house just across the street. She was small and slight, with big eyes and pale cheeks. A pair of crutches leaned beside her chair.

Her face lighted. "You must love your mother," she breathed ecstatically. "Aunt Molly's awful good. But oh, it's nice to have a mother, May Louise."

Her visitor considered. "I'm Isabelle for to-day and to-morrow," she announced, "and I am doing just whatever I please. My mother never allows me to borrow things, but it's different to-day, Helen. May I take that new puzzle your Uncle Ned sent you last week?"

Reaching for her crutches, the lame girl disappeared inside. When she returned, the puzzle was in her hand.

May Louise caught it from her and dashed down the path toward home. Straight to the farthest corner of the yard she went and threw herself down under a gnarled old apple tree.

The sun grew warmer and warmer; her cheeks, pinker and pinker. Her red lips drew themselves into a straight, determined line. In the tree a bird began to sing. From the next one came an answer, and then, with a great burst of melody, both birds joined in a song of pure delight. But May Louise did not hear. She was lost to everything except the puzzling, escaping thing before her.

The twelve o'clock whistle shrilled out loud and clear—the one o'clock. The gate clicked after her father as he went down the street.

She never moved.

Up the street came a crowd of girls—a hubbub of voices—little bursts of laughter and gay calls. "Loo, May Louise! 'Loo! You'll be late. Better hurry!"

The words reached her. With a jump, she was on her feet,—the entrancing puzzle of a moment before a thing of the past.

"Hurry!" The cry floated backward as the merry crowd, in pinks and blues and whites, swung onward down the street.

They were—they must be on their way to Sadie Winton's party! But that was not until two o'clock.

With wondering head she dashed up the path to the house.

Her mother was sewing on the side piazza. "I declare," she smiled, "it is a real pleasure to do anything for Helen Ames. I carried her dumpling over, and the poor child was so pleased it did me good. I was really glad I took your place, Isabelle. It's worth while to see one's eyes shine as hers do. I'm going to have her over here, after this, when we have dumpling for dessert."

"But—dinner?" the flushed girl, with grass stain on hands and dress alike, stammered incoherently.

"Oh," Mrs. Edwards replied, "dinner's over long ago. I thought you'd come when you got ready. You'll find what was left on the pantry shelf. I didn't put it away, Isabelle."

The clock struck two. Turning sharply, May Louise went into the house.

Peas! Dandelions! Dumpling! All cold, and the fire out! And she would be late for the party, besides!

Going to the pantry she took a few peas into a saucer and tasted them. They didn't seem like peas. Then she broke off a bit of the dumpling. That was tasteless, too. Leaving them both, she



THE BEACON CLUB

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OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

AYER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to have a button very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Barker. I like her very much. We have a Sunday-school party every month. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I do a lot of work in Sunday school. We color cards every Sunday. I am nine years old.

LESTER FILLBROWN.

Lester's brother, Bruce, also joins our Club.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and like it very much. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Eliot. His wife wrote a story for *The Beacon*, called "When a Boy's Wits Got Busy."

Yours truly,

IONE WEDEMAYER.

10 RUSSIA STREET,
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—We go to the Unitarian Sunday school and church and sing in the choir. I am thirteen years old and have two sisters and a brother. We all enjoy *The Beacon* very much. Our minister's name is Rev. Laurence Hayward. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Thurlow. I like her very much.

We would like to join the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Yours truly,

DORIS LOWELL.
HAZEL LOWELL.

17 SUDBURY ROAD,
CONCORD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and like *The Beacon* very much.

My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Dennison and the superintendent is Mr. French.

I would like very much to join your Club and wear the button. I am in the seventh class in Sunday school and sixth grade in school.

I am sending a puzzle.

Yours truly,

HELEN SMITH.

went toward the hall once more. At any rate, even though she had no dinner she would escape the washing and combing and dressing up that always preceded a party.

She ran her fingers through her untidy hair and started down the street. On the way she stopped at a candy store and purchased ten cents' worth of chocolates.

The smooth, velvety lawn before the Wintons' great house was gay with lads and lassies when she reached it a few minutes later, every one of them in all the glory of summer finery.

Sadie and her Cousin Dora, who was visiting from New York, met her at the gate. Then Mrs. Winton came down the path and welcomed her. But, somehow, she wasn't comfortable; and when, just before tea, she heard the visiting Cousin whisper to Winnie Grey, "What a fright that girl in the dirty gingham is!" she could stand it no longer.

Her head ached. The last chocolate had turned her quite sick. There was a strange, hard lump in her throat. Slipping down a side path she went draggingly toward home.

As she opened the dining-room door her mother was laying the cloth for tea. She turned. "Why, Isabelle," she began.

But a tired, grass-stained, untidy little figure flew into her arms. "Oh," she sobbed, as they closed about her, "I'm May Louise—your May Louise, forever 'n' ever! An' I'll do as you say. It's been the very horriddest day! O mother," as a sudden fear struck her, "I needn't be Isabelle to-morrow! Please say I needn't!"

Mrs. Edwards held her still closer. "No," she agreed gently, smoothing the tangled hair, "I want my own May Louise to-morrow." She took the flushed face between her cool hands. "Little daughter," smiled she, "you owe mother cheerful obedience. You owed the girls at the party smooth hair and a pretty gown. You owe the world

a sunny heart and a smiling face. And one can never find happiness in shirking honest debts."

May Louise drew a long breath. "I wish you'd tell me to do something," she cried; and her mother, with quick understanding, replied, "May Louise, comb your hair and wash your face. Then you may help about tea," and with a sudden burst of song May Louise tripped happily from the room.

Our Flag.

BY CAROLYN KULL.

SYMBOLIC of our nation's life

Our flag in glory flies,
Emblem of justice, truth, and strength,
And right that never dies.

In every land where freedom's loved,
Where laws are just and fair,
And men adhere to right and truth,
Our flag is honored there.

My Playmate.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

I HAVE the finest kind of fun
By playing hide-and-seek with one
That I have never even seen,
Now you can't guess who 'tis I mean!
Down in a rocky glen we play,
On every pleasant sunny day,
And when I'm hidden out of sight
I call "He! Hoo!" with all my might,
And how he finds me I can't think,
But just as quickly as a wink,
"See you!" my little friend calls out,
As joyfully as he can shout;
And though we play so happily,
My little friend I never see,
And don't believe you ever will,—
For he's the echo on the hill!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 5, 20, 2, 1, 14, 3, is what you take pictures with.
My 24, 11, is the opposite of yes.
My 7, 23, 13, is what corn does when you put it over the fire.
My 19, 8, 4, is a big boy.
My 6, 9, is a pronoun in the neuter gender.
My 10, 12, is the opposite of out.
My 17, 15, 21, is another name for an amount of land.
My 18, 4, is an article.
My 22, 12, is the opposite of out.
My 16 is the third letter in the alphabet.
My whole is an important American document.

HARRIET SALTONSTALL.

ENIGMA LXIX.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, is a kind of tree.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, is what people do when they are happy.
My 10, 9, 8, is an adverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a part of the home work.
My whole is a large city in the United States.

JOHN R. GLEASON.

A PUZZLE.

My first you will cross when to France you go,
My second some Englishmen drop from hoe.
My third an army of twenty-six leads.
My fourth you will find both in runs and reads.
My fifth, again, leads a little band.
My sixth you'll find at the end of the land.
My seventh (in plural) you'll guess with ease.
And my whole is a puzzle. What is it, please?

P. R. H.

TWISTED ISLANDS.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Buac. | 4. Rindlea. |
| 2. Laehidglon. | 5. Wenduonfadnl. |
| 3. Dohre Dasln. | 6. Yolenc. |

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXIV.—Paul Revere's Ride.
ENIGMA LXV.—General Edwards.
FLOWER ACROSTICS.—

- | | |
|----------|------------|
| I. Daisy | II. Violet |
| Aisle | Indigo |
| Isaac | Orange |
| Scent | Lonely |
| Yacht | Easter |
| | Turnip |

TWISTED BIBLE NAMES.—1. Daniel. 2. David. 3. Jerusalem. 4. Bethlehem. 5. Tirzah. 6. Peter. 7. Nazareth. 8. Mary. 9. Elizabeth. 10. Abraham.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

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